

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1805.

NO. 9

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS,
PRINCE OF ABBESSINIA.

CONTINUED.

History of Imlac continued.

WHEN I first entered upon the world of waters, and lost sight of land, I looked round about me with pleasing terror, and thinking my soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined that I could gaze round for ever without satiety; but, in a short time, I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, where I could only see again what I had already seen. I then descended into the ship, and doubted, for a while, whether all my future pleasures would not end like this...in disgust and disappointment. Yet, surely, said I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety of water is rest and motion: but the earth has mountains and vallies, deserts and cities; it is inhabited by men of different customs and contrary opinions; and I may hope to find variety in life, though I should miss it in nature.

With this thought I quieted my mind, and amused myself during the voyage, sometimes by learning from the sailors the art of navigation, which I have never practised, and sometimes by forming schemes for my conduct in different situations, in not one of which I have been ever placed.

I was almost weary of my naval amusements when we landed safely at Surat. I secured my money, and, purchasing some commodities for show, joined myself to a caravan that was passing into the inland country. My companions, for some reason or other, conjecturing that I was rich, and, by my inquiries and admiration, finding that I was ignorant, considered me as a novice whom they had a right to cheat, and who was to learn, at the usual expense, the art of fraud. They exposed me to the theft of servants and the exaction of officers, and saw me plundered upon false pretences, without any advantage to themselves, but that of rejoicing in the superiority of their own knowledge."

Stop a moment," said the prince. "Is there such depravity in man, as that he should injure another without benefit to himself? I can easily conceive that all are pleased with superiority; but your ignorance was merely accidental, which, being neither your crime nor your folly, could afford them no reason to applaud themselves; and the knowledge which they had, and which you wanted, they might as effectually have shown by warning, as betraying you."

"Pride," said Imlac, "is seldom delicate; it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others. They were my enemies, because they grieved to think me rich; and my oppressors, because they delighted to find me weak."

"Proceed," said the prince: "I doubt not of the facts which you relate, but imagine that you impute them to mistaken motives."

"In this company," said Imlac, "I arrived at Agra, the capital of Indostan, the city in which the Great Mogul commonly resides. I applied myself to the language of the country, and, in a few months, was able to converse with the learned men; some of whom I found morose and reserved, and others easy and communicative: some were unwilling to teach another what they had with difficulty learned themselves; and some showed that the end of their studies was to gain the dignity of instructing.

"To the tutor of the young princes I recommended myself so much, that I was presented to the emperor as a man of uncommon knowledge. The emperor asked me many questions concerning my country, and my travels; and, though I cannot now recollect any thing that he uttered above the power of a common man, he dismissed me, astonished at his wisdom and enamoured of his goodness.

"My credit was now so high, that the merchants, with whom I had travelled, applied to me for recommendations to the ladies of the court. I was surprised at their confidence of solicitation, and gently reproached them with their practices on the road. They heard me with cold indifference, and showed no tokens of shame or sorrow.

"They then urged their requests with the offer of a bribe; but what I would not do for kindness I would not do for money; and refused them, not because they had injured me, but because I would not enable them to injure others; for I knew they would have made use of my credit to cheat those who should buy their wares.

"Having resided at Agra till there was no more to be learned, I travelled into Persia, where I saw many remains of ancient magnificence, and observed many new accommodations of life. The Persians are a nation eminently social; and their assemblies afforded me daily opportunities of remarking characters and manners, and of tracing human nature through all its variations.

"From Persia I passed into Arabia, where I saw a nation at once pastoral and warlike; who live without any settled habitation; whose only wealth is their flocks and herds; and who have yet carried on, through all ages, an hereditary war with all mankind, though they neither covet nor envy their possessions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Education.

A VALEDICTORY ORATION.

BY THOMAS KITTERA.

CONTINUED.

WHAT then must it be when the mind is early enriched with the unbounded treasures of the liberal arts and sciences. What a flood of intellectual light must pour in upon us, from the great huminaries of ancient and modern history. How are the limits of the understanding enlarged, when she converses with a Socrates, a Plato, or a Xenophon. How are her views extended, her ideas multiplied; how lively, various, and distinct are rendered all her perceptions, by her converse with these prodigies of literature and science? She feels herself elevated with noble sentiments of respect for the dignity of her being, and inspired with a generous ambition to imitate, even at a distance, such transcendent geniuses. Thus becoming emulous to excel, and ardent in the pursuit of an honourable fame, all her energies and powers are excited; forgetful of her own weakness, she makes the most noble efforts, soars above her ordinary pitch, and, finally, attains to a degree of excellence, to which in the moments of timidity or inglorious indolence she never dared aspire.

If therefore the very first key of the liberal arts and sciences enables us thus to converse and seemingly to live, with the most learned of all antiquity, will it still be persisted in, that the understanding of the learned languages is but an useless drudgery. Be it so to the ignoble mind, either shamefully languishing in slothful inaction, or whose native vigour is sunk into contemptible effeminacy. I know, generous classmatus, we spurn the idea with indignation: emulous to rival the youth of Greece or Rome, we cheerfully consent to undergo the labours and hardships of the severest academical discipline. Are not application, industry, and labour, the law of our being, the demand both of nature and reason, and the positive injunction of the Deity...are they not the instruments of improvement, the sure foundation of true pleasure, and the necessary means of attaining any degree of excellence? For though we should derive no other advantage from such studies, than the acquirements of habits of labour, would we not be amply repaid? The natural effects of such habits are, to render our literary toils, daily more sweet and pleasing; to communicate steadiness to our minds: to overcome an aversion to studious application, the greatest foe not only to literary acquirements, but even to virtue, health, happiness, or any spirited enjoyment of life. How justly has the sententious Seneca described it: ... "Otium sine literis mors est, et hominis vivi sepulta."

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Can all the circle of trifling occupations, or other silly amusements, in which too many rifle away the precious season of their youth, be compared to the refined and charming delights of literary application. He, who is so happy as to have acquired a taste for this, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence. What calm and tranquil pleasures spring from the select Greek and Latin poets, pleasures which neither vanish in the enjoyment, nor fix in the soul the bitter sting of remorse. The mind that is entirely devoid of relish for such entertainments, betrays very unpromising symptoms, and raises suspicions of being prone to low gratifications, and fitted only for the vulgar puritans of life. Let then the classics be the pleasing sources of our rational delights. To them let us return with increased affection and desire.

"Nocturna versate manu versate diurna."

This is intellectual improvement indeed; this is indeed the melioration of the heart; softening all its asperities; humanizing all its inclinations; calming its more violent and fierce emotions; and thus preparing it, willingly, to receive every direction from the enlightened understanding...

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emolit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

But were the only end of the liberal arts and sciences, to enrich the human understanding with the most copious stores of diversified knowledge and science, to render us thoroughly skilled in all the various branches of philology; enable us merely to admire the great masters of ancient eloquence, or to feel the beauties of antient poetry, without exciting all the warm and generous affections of the heart to imitate the bright examples of virtue which these illustrious models exhibit: a liberal education would fail, indeed, in this most essential part, that of making us feel that we are subject to moral obligation, and only great if virtuous. Such was the important truth that a Socrates, a Plato, an Epictetus, a Seneca, a Cicero, and an Aristotle, constantly wished deeply to impress on the minds of their pupils. In their eyes the honest and virtuous citizen claimed a preference over the merely learned. If they endeavoured to enlarge their capacities....If they held up to their eyes the bright and animated example of their predecessors, it was to engage them to discharge with equal fidelity, the duties annexed to their state in society, thereby to adorn and uphold the general body, with good parents, good children, steady friends and virtuous citizens. For without virtue, what avail the brightest talents and most extensive knowledge. Will they qualify the ruler to promote, or not rather to destroy the happiness of the people; the statesman to subvert the state; the leader of an army to betray his country. What else but mockery and dissimulation is patriotism without virtue. Without it what can secure the liberties of a country: without it who will prefer the public good to his own private interest? Who will suffer privations and distresses in every shape, which

otherwise, by base and dishonourable means he might have avoided. Not all the talents, not all the eloquence, not all the public spirit and bravery of Pericles counterbalanced his deficiency of virtue, in the eyes of Plato. Can they name, says he, one single man, citizen or foreigner, bond or free, whom Pericles made wiser or better by all his care.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EXTRACT.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

IMAGINATION, that fruitful source of the beautiful and sublime, when duly tempered and chastised by the strict ratiocination of science, throws a fascinating charm over all the walks of life; unveils, as it were, scenes of fairy texture, and draws the mind, with salutary influence, from the sordid cares, and selfish pursuits, the sanguinary tumult, and materialized enjoyments of the herd of mankind, to repose on all that is good and fair, on all that the Almighty Architect, in animate or inanimate nature, has poured forth to excite the admiration, the love and gratitude of his intellectual creatures.

But should this brilliant faculty be nurtured on the bosom of enthusiasm or romantic expectation, or be left to revel in all its native wildness of combination, and to plunge into all the visionary terrors of supernatural agency, undiverted by the deductions of truth, or the sober realities of existence, it will too often prove the cause of acute misery, of melancholy, and even of distraction.

In the spring of life, when reason and experience are necessarily confined, almost every object rises clothed in vivid hues; earth appears a paradise, and its inhabitants little short of perfection: alas! as the man advances, as he becomes acquainted with his fellow man, how are all these splendid visions scattered on the winds! he beholds passions the most baneful devastate this beauteous globe, and witnesses, with horror and dismay, its wretched inhabitants immolate each other on the altars of avarice and ambition. Starting from the dream of youth, he turns disgusted from the loathsome scene; perhaps, retires to commune with himself, to pause upon the lot of mortality.

To this important crisis, many of the characters which adorn or blot the records of humanity, owe their origin. He, who can call religion and literature to his aid, will pass along the road of life intent on other worlds, and alone employed, in this, in accelerating the powers of intellect, and in meliorating the condition of his species. From the crimes and follies of mankind, from the annals of blood, and the orgies of voluptuousness, will this man fly to no unprofitable solitude; here will he trace the finger of the Deity, and here amid the pursuits of science, the charms of music, and the pleasures of poetry, with simplicity of heart, and energy of genius, will adore the God who gave them.

Effects, however, such as these, are unfortunately, no common result; for that intensity of feeling and ardour of expectation which usually accompany our early years, meeting

with a sudden and unexpected check, sometimes lead to a train of ideas the very reverse of all that pleased before, and misanthropy, and even scepticism, close the scene, and chill every social and benevolent exertion. But far more common is that character which when once awakened from the delusion of inexperience, and become acquainted with the vices of mankind, passes on with wilful circumspection, intent only on moulding the crimes and passions which surround it, to instruments of pecuniary gain, or desolating ambition. Many of this class there are, whose principal object being the accumulation of property, preserve, as a mean towards its attainment, an imposing exterior, and travel through life with what is called a *fair character*, yet possessing no one benevolent feeling or liberal sentiment that can properly designate them for man, or rank them beyond the animal they consume.

But some there are, gifted with an imagination of the most brilliant kind; who are accustomed to expatiate in all the luxury of an ideal world, and who possess a heart glowing with the tenderest sensations. These men too frequently fall a sacrifice to the indulgence of a warm and vigorous fancy, and which is, unhappily, not sufficiently corrected by a knowledge of mankind, or the rigid deduction of scientific study. The lovely scenes they had so rapturously drawn, and coloured, find no archetype in the busy paths of life, but fade beneath the gloomy touch of reality, and leave to the astonished visionary, a cheerless and a barren view; or the mind, long and intensely employed in giving form and place to the fascinating fictions of fancy, or the wild delusions of superstition, is apt, on the first pressure of neglect and misfortune, to suffer derangement, and to assume for truth, the paintings of enthusiasm. Thus, the clear current of exalted thought, or generous feeling, driven from its course by sudden opposition, and vexed with unexpected tempests, not seldom spreads terror and amazement in its progress.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THE late Countess of Huntingdon, in the winter of 1787, received a cover directed to her, inclosing two masquerade tickets. She paid no regard to the insult; but, giving them to one of her deacons, bad him send them to some coffee-house at the west end of the town, and get what money he could for them, and give it to any deserving object of distress he thought proper. He accordingly disposed of them for a guinea, and with it, and some small addition to it, liberated a poor man from the Poultry Compter. Presence and tranquillity of mind, benevolence, penetration, and acute observation, are said to have been the science of the Countess of Huntingdon. She delighted in meditation, that spring of unceasing pleasures, and true school of wisdom. It is but justice to her memory to say, that she strictly adhered to the maxim of the primitive christians, viz. "that religion consisted not in talking, but in *doing* good things."

THE MISCELLANY.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

MR. ORAM,

As I see you are favored with the effusions of some of the "enlightened sons of Nassau-Hall"....and, as in that institution there are many of the "sons of genius," whose talents should not lie idle, I propose to dedicate a part of your paper to *Mathematical Questions*;....for this purpose I send you a few; if you approve the plan you will give them a place.

Yours,

QULD.

1. A landed man two daughters had,
And both were very fair....
He gave to each a piece of land....
One round, the other square.
At twenty shillings an acre just
Each piece its value had;
The shillings that did compass each
For it exactly paid.
If 'cross a shilling be an inch,
As it is pretty near,
Which was the greater fortune, she
That had the round, or square?

2. A worm was placed by Almighty God
Just seventeen feet under the sod;
To make his way to see the light,
He had to work both day and night;
By day he rose just eight feet up,
At night descended seven to sup;
The question is, how soon he'll rise
o see the sun with both his eyes?

3. It is required to divide the number 100 into such parts that their product and the difference of their squares may be equal to each other?

DEVOTION.

BEING, a short time since, at a place of worship with an old friend of mine, who has always been remarkable for piety, I observed he appeared much shocked at the too palpable marks of irreverence and inattention in the younger part of the congregation during the service, and, as is common with him in such cases, heard him deliver the following just loud enough for me (who sat near him) to distinguish every word:

Oh, Devotion!...Devotion!...in what part this habitable globe dost thou deign to rest thy gentle wings? Dost thou alight in the breast of the Laplander, who freezes beneath the pole; or the tawny African, who scorches under the line? Dost thou attend the Musselman to his mosque; or dost thou rise in the solemn orisons of the vestal Nuns who inhabit the gloomy walls of superstition?....for here find thee not! The mind is here too much distract with the gaudy show of beauty and less; and we seem more anxious, when we enter the house of God, to please the eye of man, than the Being we profess to worship. We pray, but half goes to Heaven...perhaps not so much; and it is cheated of the rest by the sights before us. Even our music, that was designed to inspire adoration and raise our piety; our music, that should roll in the solemn strains of heavenly inspiration, is more frequently heard to beat time to the quicker moments of gaiety and pleasure!"

P. P. Q.

THE FOLLY OF INGRATITUDE.

AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

No benefit can accrue from any good offices rendered to the ungrateful: a melancholy consideration, but not more melancholy than true, as the following anecdote will aptly illustrate.

A King of Mandoa, in Indostan, having fallen into a river, one of his slaves generously swam to his relief, seized him by the hair of his head, and rescued him from the jaws of death. No sooner had the Sovereign recovered than he demanded the name of the person who had dragged him out of the water. The slave, to whom he was so much obliged, was accordingly pointed out to him, and it was universally supposed that he would receive a recompense from the Prince adequate to the importance of the service he had rendered him. On the contrary, however, the king sternly demanded of him, why he had dared to put his hand upon the head of his Sovereign?....and gave orders for his instant death.

Some time after, the same Monarch, being seated upon the edge of a boat, intoxicated, by the side of one of his women, again fell into the water. The woman might easily have saved him; but, thinking the service too dangerous, she suffered him to perish, giving for excuse...."That she had not yet forgotten the cruel fate of the slave!"

ON DELUSIONS IN COURTSHIP.

NOTHING has been more lamented by wise and good men than the practise amongst us of deceiving one another with regard to our worldly circumstances, and our characters, before marriage. Much evil and unhappiness is occasioned by discovering too late how wofully we have been deceived by false representations of this sort. The husband and wife are equally fated to endure ill-nature and poverty in their marriage state, where they expected good-nature, affection, and competence. If they were both more candid, they would be both happier; and, to that end, I would warn them of their danger by the saying of Plato:....

"He that fisheth with poison, catcheth fish, but evil and corrupted; so they that endeavour to get their husbands or wives by *deceit* or charms, may easily get them; but they were better ungotten."

MEDICAL APHORISM.

THE celebrated Boerhaave ordered, that all his manuscripts and books should be burned, one large volume, with gilt leaves and silver clasps, excepted. The physical people flocked to Leyden, and entreated the executors to disobey the will. The effects were sold. A German Count, convinced that the great gilt book contained the whole *arcana* of physic, bought it at ten thousand guilders. On examining it, he found that it was all blank paper but the first page, on which was written.....*Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the body open; and bid defiance to the physician!*

Good qualities, like great abilities, are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

THE MATRIMONIAL RING.

THE ring, at first, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal, hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract.

"Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this day what metal the ring be of. The form of it being round, and without end, doth import that their love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which this ring is to be worn is the fourth finger on the left-hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence into the heart."

TRENTON, AUGUST 5, 1805.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

THE Windham Herald contains an account of the progress of the manufacture of silk in the town of Mansfield, (Conn.) by which it appears, that in the last year, 1804, there were produced in that town "between twelve and thirteen hundred pounds weight of well dried raw silk, every pound of which when made into sewing silk was worth seven dollars, and found a ready market." This silk is stated to be far superior to that imported in strength and durability. It is principally attended to by women and children, and therefore interferes very little with agriculture or other pursuits. Would not this article be worth attention in other places than Mansfield?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Inconcius" is so badly written, that we must lay over, and, we would inform this author, that we prefer *general* to merely *personal* subjects.

In reconsidering the communication of our Mathematical Friend, we have this day given place to his questions; but we must still object to those who may want explanatory engravings to elucidate them; and to such as we may consider too lengthy for our limits.

"Will Honeycomb, jun." we think too light for publication.

MARRIED,

Last week, at Cranberry, by the Rev. Mr. Wood-hull, Mr. RANDEE HUNT, to Mrs. MARY DANIELS, formerly of New-York.

Obituary.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!

GRAY.

DIED,
At Salem, (Mass.) Mr. WILLIAM CARLETON, Printer and Editor of the "Salem Register."

In England Archbishop PALEY.

Lately, at Harrisburgh, (Penn.) Gen. JOHN ANDRE HANNA, Member of Congress.

At Hackensack, on Tuesday last, Col. NEHEMIAN WADE, A. 46.

At Jamaica, Mrs. MILLS, aged 118, she was followed to the grave by 295 of her children, great-grand children, and great-great-grand children. For 97 years she practised midwifery, during which period it is stated that she ushered 143,000 persons into the world! She retained her senses to the last, and followed her business until within two days of her death.

THE MISCELLANY.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

The following has been handed us by a friend, and may be said to be a good versification of the Fable of Gelbert, published in No. 7. It is copied from the "Farmer's Museum."

THE TEST OF CONJUGAL LOVE.

ON his fever burnt bed, quick gasping for breath,
Lay Strephon, convulsed with pain...
While the wind in his throat shook the rattle of
death,
The hot blood raged thro' the swoln vein.

Large drops of cold sweat on his forehead did stand,
The lustre was dimm'd in his eye,
While the chill of his feet, and the chill of his hand,
Pronounc'd that poor Strephon must die.

His neighbors all wept, and his kindred all cried,
With handkerchiefs held to each eye,
While a boy and a girl sobb'd loud at his side,
To think that their father must die.

But who can describe the fond griefs of his wife,
Her shriekings, her tears, and despair?
When she vow'd that same hour should end her own
life,
And tore off by handfulls her hair.

Oh death! thou fell monster, in anguish she rav'd...
Oh spare my dear husband, Oh spare;
Throw thy ice-dart at me, let my husband be sav'd,
Or I'll sink in a whirl of despair.

Oh, how shall I live when my husband is dead....
Or why this loath'd life should I save?
Then haste, welcome death, take me in his stead,
Or I'll go with my love to the grave.

The wind whistled high, the old mansion about,
And rock'd like a cradle the floor,
When death in the entry stood knocking without,
With his knuckle of bone on the door.

And he bursted the lock, and the door open'd wide,
And in the slim spectre slow strode,
And he rattled his jaws, and he rattled his side,
As over the threshold he trod.

"Who's here?" cried the spectre, "who calls loud
for me....
"Who wants death?" the thin spectre then said:
"Why who," cried the wife, "why who should it be,
"But the gentleman there on the bed?"

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the fleecy clouds that cross thy way.

And, while I gaze, thy mild and pensive light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
That in thy orbs the wretched may have rest.

The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of misery here.
Ah! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in the toiling scene!

THE OLD SOLDIER.

"I AM a poor old soldier!" said a tremulous voice, as I turned the corner of the street.....
"Your honour cannot, surely, pass a poor old soldier!"

The petition was very pressing...it was delivered somewhat in the tone of command....but there was yet something of a sweetness about it, and something so supplicating in the attitude of the man, that I stopped to look at him.—"Date obolum Belisario!"...thought I...."is a sufficient passport for any one of thy livery." An old, tattered, military coat, and a wooden leg, always soften my heart to pity, and dispose me to acts of benevolence. This man had a claim upon me: he was about sixty in age.....in misfortune he was older; a gentle bend in his shoulder, which was produced in spite of his profession, told me it was so: and there were a few grey hairs on his forehead, still wearing a military air, that confirmed the conjecture. He held out his hat, doubtfully....not imperiously; and I interpreted the language of his tongue from the motion of his hand. As he held out his hat with one hand, he laid the other across his breast, and, with many sighs, told me such a tale of woe, as rarely falls to the lot of man.

He had enlisted in the army at an early period of life, leaving behind him a wife and a brother; had, during the course of many hard campaigns, undergone various distresses of body and mind; till, being rendered unfit for further service, he was returned a cripple, dependent upon the bounty of his native country. His heart was all this while cheered with the hope of receiving a hearty welcome from his friends; but his brother was dead, and his wife, untrue to her vow, was in the arms of another.

During the recital he was agitated by different passions:...I could see a faint but expressive glow of animation spread over his aged cheek, when he recounted his battles, and his dangers; but when he came to the conclusion, he turned away, to hide a tear that glistened in his eye, in spite of all his courage. I own the effect which this circumstance had upon me: and, surely, it is no mean gratification, to contemplate, in these monuments of age, the changes and misfortunes of human life. I have often been pleased to see a maimed and disabled soldier begging through our streets, when the liberal hand of charity has been opened to assist him: a smile of approbation, or something (I know not what) has flushed in my face, to see a very miser relent at his piteous tale, and, with a half-formed resolution, contribute his farthing.

Come hither, ye who have reaped the harvest of this man's labour—who have been rolling in ease and influence, whilst he has been fighting your battles:.....ye, who feel the blessings of peace, which this man has purchased for you,come,.....and see him begging for the bread which you enjoy in plenty!.....Tell me if you were pained when he was wounded...if you bled when he was laid on the field battle?Alas! he has dearly earned the privilege to beg. Come, then....it is your's...it is mine....it is the business of us all, to make the

countenance of Want smile with our blessings; and chase away, if it be but for a moment, the lines of sorrow from the face of Misfortune!

Anecdotes.

A LAWYER told a countryman, who was his client, that his cause was so bad and intricate that he could perceive neither beginning nor end to it: the man immediately pulled two crowns out of his pocket, and gave them to the lawyer, saying, Here are a pair of spectacles for you.

A BLACK man, about to be married to a woman of the same colour, by a justice of the peace, observed to him, that if he performed the ceremony as he usually did for the white people, he would pay him well; but if not, he would give nothing; to which the justice agreed. After the ceremony was over, the negro was going away, when the justice thought proper to remind him of his promise. "Why," said the negro, "you have omitted an essential point." The justice demanded what it was. "Why," answered the negro "you forgot to salute the bride;" and, bidding good-night, walked off.

A SERVANT, terrified, ran into the study of the learned Bude, to acquaint him that the house was on fire! Go, answered he, and inform your mistress of it; you know very well that I never meddle in domestic concerns.

The Miscellany.

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